

I'LL TOUCH MY HARP.

Sung nightly with Shouts of Applause by W. VINCENT.
at his NEW and BEAUTIFUL OPERA HOUSE,
No. 49 Bowery. directly oposite the
Bowery Theatre.

Of't in that calm and gentle hour,
When sunset gild's the drooping flower,
I love beneath my lattice green
To watch, the fairy fading scene,
Till fancy's vision bright and gay
Replace the sunny smile's of day;
And there to some remembered strain
I'll touch my harp and dream again

CHORUS.

I'll touch my harp &c.

I think of those fond day's so dear,
When every flower that bloom'd was fair,
And of't I've roamed the Forrest free,
To watch the sweet bird on the tree,
When all around me fondly smiled,
I loved them as a simple child,
And then to some remember'd strain
I touched my harp and dreamed again;

CHORUS

I'll touch my harp &c.

FALSE ONE, I LOVE THEE STILL

Still so gently o'er me stealing,
Memory will bring back the feeling,
Spite of all my grief revealing;
That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still,
Tho' some other swain may charm thee,
Ah! no other e'er can warm me;
Yet ne'er fear, I will not harm thee,
No! thou false one, no! no!! I fondly love the still

J. Andrews, Printer, 38 Chatham St., N. Y.

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Bowery Theatre.

Oh! in that calm and gentle hour,
When sweet child's the drooping flower,
I love beneath my lattice green
To watch the fairy fading scene,
Thou lady's vision bright and gay,
Replace the many mists of day;
And there to some remembered strain
I'll touch my harp and dream again.

CHORUS

I'll touch my harp &c.

I think of those fond days so dear,
When every flower that bloom'd was fair,
And oft I've roamed the forest free,
To watch the sweet bird on the tree,
When all around me fondly call'd,
I loved them as a simple child,
And then to some remembered strain
I touched my harp and dream'd again.

CHORUS

I'll touch my harp &c.

FALSE ONE I LOVE THEE STILL

Still so kindly ever my affection
Memory will bring back the feeling
Epithet of all my mind revealing
That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still,
Thou' some other woman may claim thee,
And no other can warm me;
Yet never love, I will not leave thee,
Not then when one no more I touchly love thee still.

J. Anderson, Printer, 63 Catherine St., N. Y.